







100
100
100

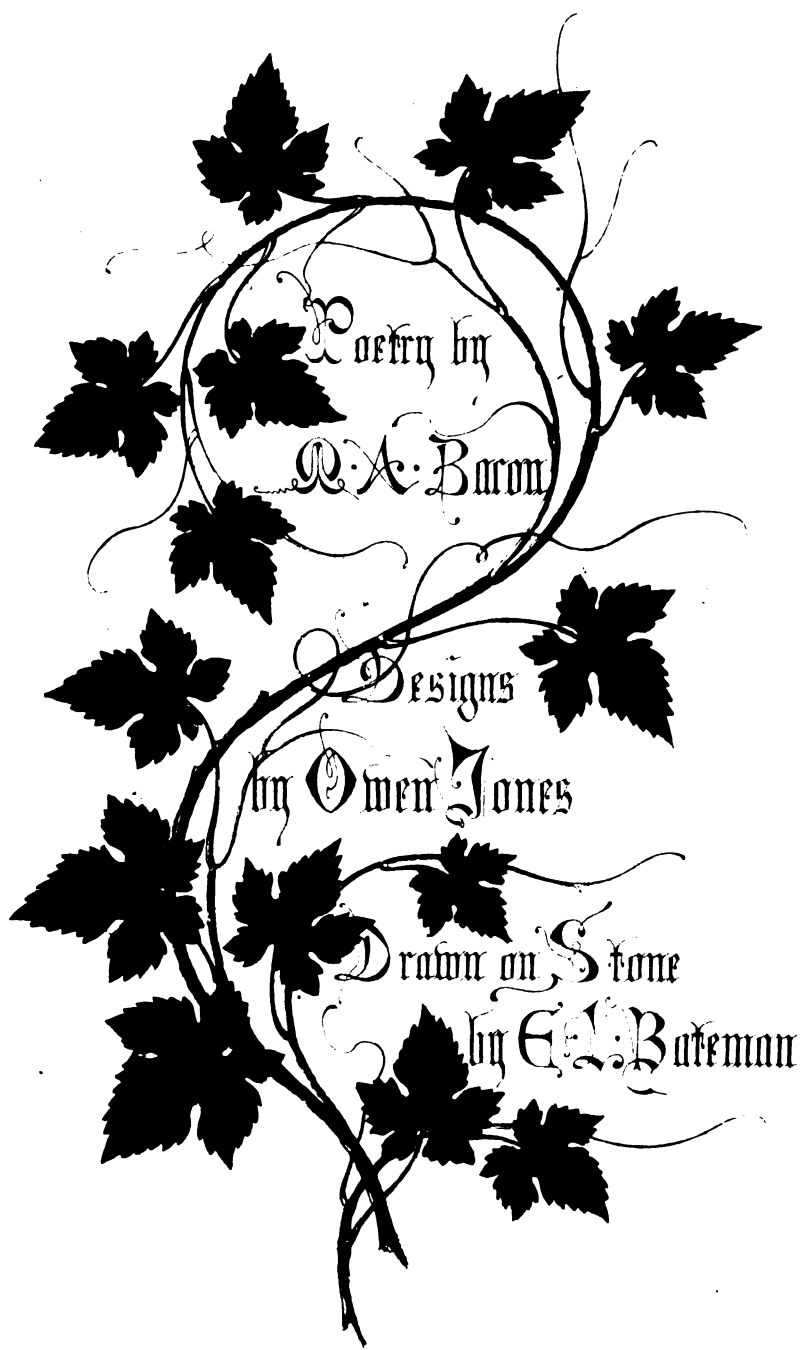




Perchance the time is fled when pleasure's breath
could stir thee as the summer air this mornth,
the nuts all ripe or dropp'd thou would'st have giv'n.
thy life to reach, and climb at once to Jheru'n.



If so, some fruit about thy heart hath grown
I ween, some sigh responsive to thine own
still breathes — or should its music be at rest,
let these words wake its echoes in thy breast.





Contents

Ganges
Strawberries
Cherries
Mulberries
Peach
Pomegranate
Apricots
Grapes
Apples
Blackberries and
Barberries
Mops and
Wheat
Nuts and
Oats

Affection.
Kisses.
Smiles.
Tears.
Sensibility.
Ambition.
Independence.
Hospitality.
Utility.


Charity.
Strength and
Health.

Retrospection.






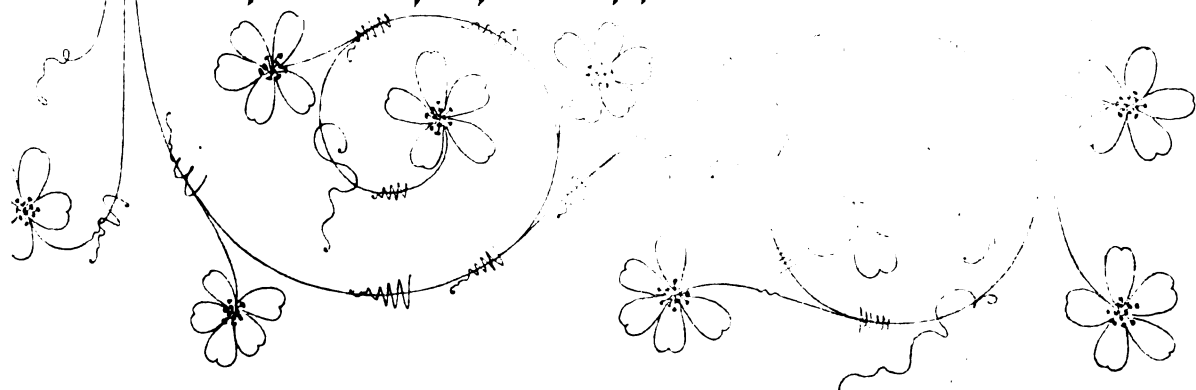




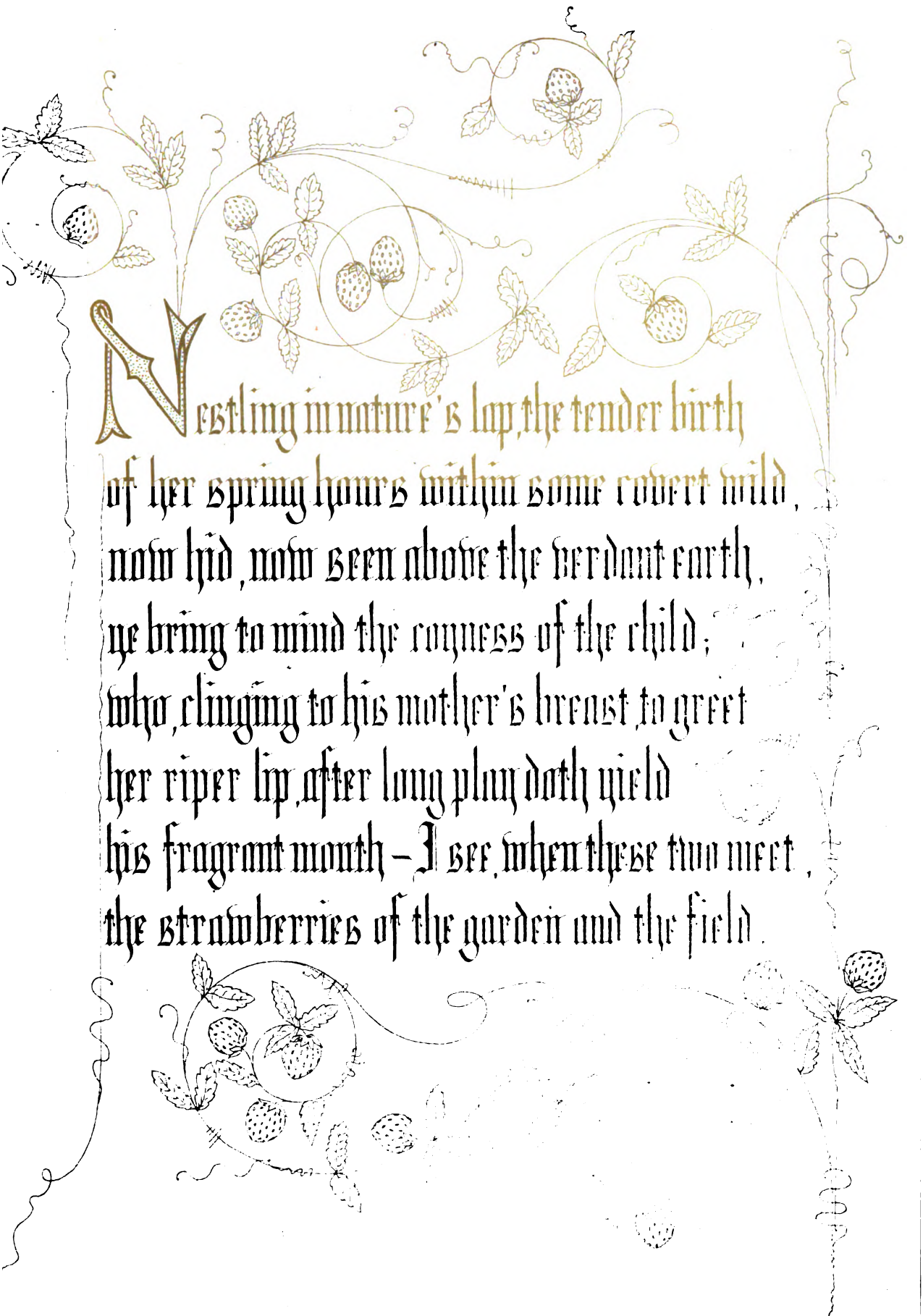
Rare buds of promise guarded by a screen
of circling leaves! thus maiden doubts and fears
close round the germs of hope that breast within,
where we reposing feel the young bride's tears.



But as the generous sun doth bid us grow
to luscious fruit, so shall affection bless
those faint and scarce-formed wishes till they glow
and ripen into perfect happiness.

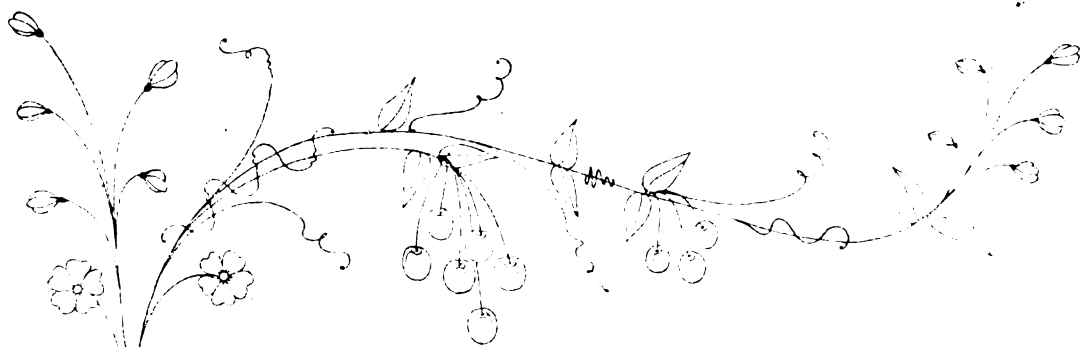




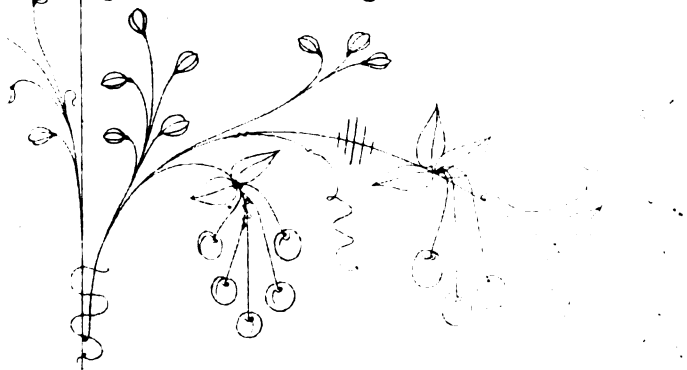


Nestling in nature's lap, the tender birth
of her spring hours within some covert wild,
now hid, now seen above the verdant earth,
we bring to mind the coyness of the child;
who, clinging to his mother's breast to greet
her riper lip, after long play doth yield
his fragrant mouth — I see, when these two meet,
the strawberries of the garden and the field.

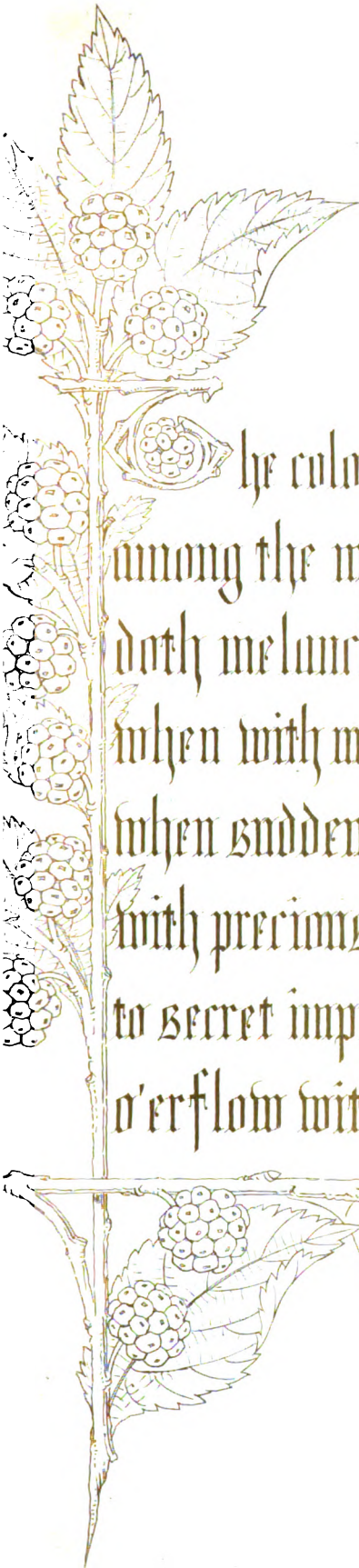





Oft in the summer morn I've watch'd the light,
that up the kindling east its way was making,
threading the foliage, fresh with dew of night,
and the ripe fruit of glossy coral streaking,
then would I think on youth and beauty waking
from sleep, upon their ruddy lips the while
the light of joy and freshen'd vigour breaking—
god's blessing—in the likeness of a smile.

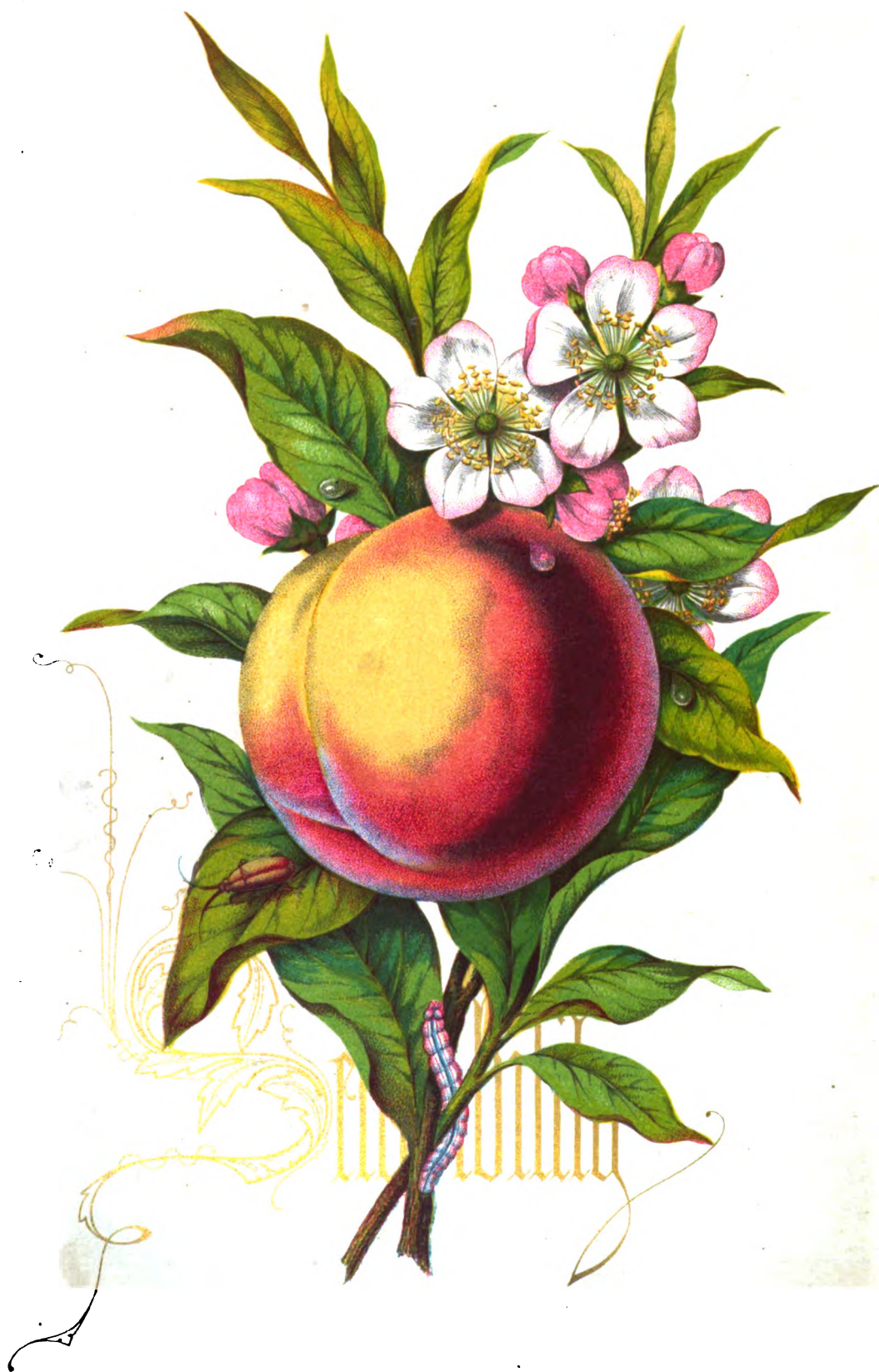


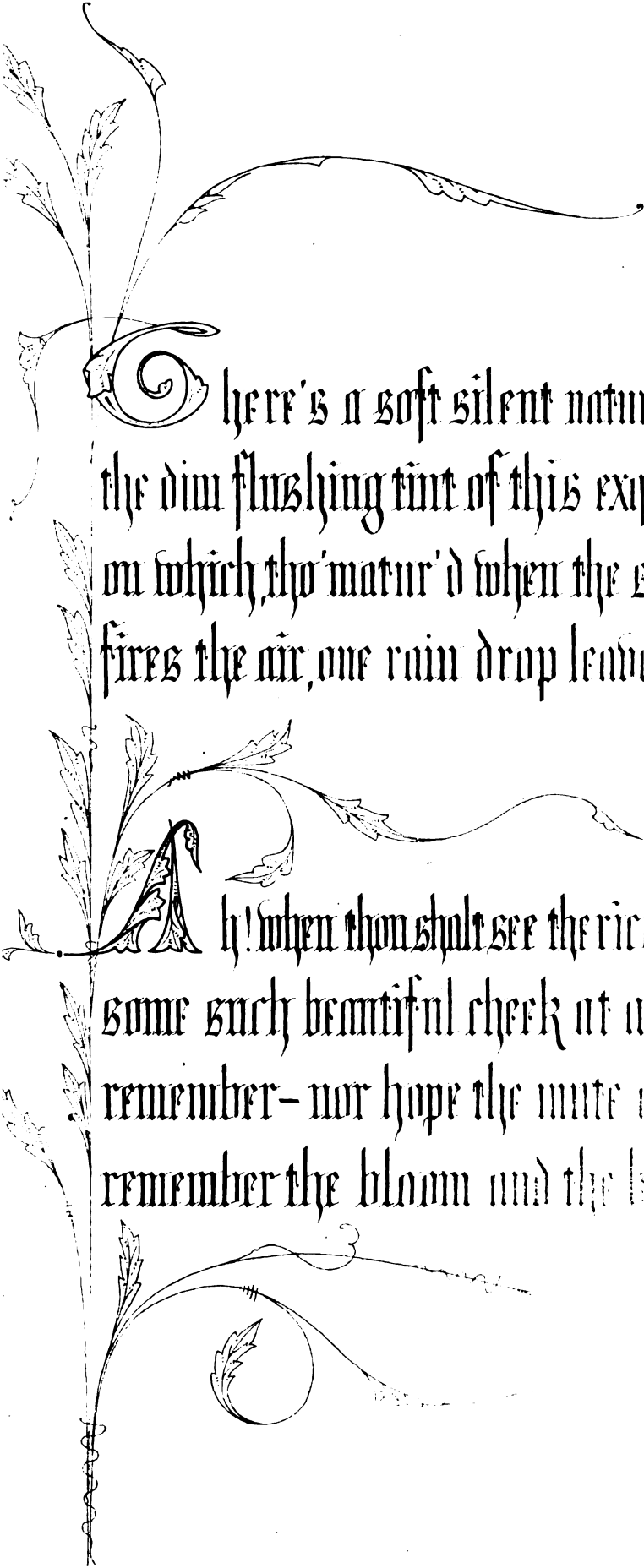




he colour of the fruit so rich and faint
among the mass of its thick leaves depending,
doth melancholy's eyes most aptly point
when with unbidden thoughts they are contending ;
when suddenly the heavenly orb distending
with precious dew, albeit they seem at rest,
to secret impulses their language lending,
o'erflow with tears too sweet to be express'd.



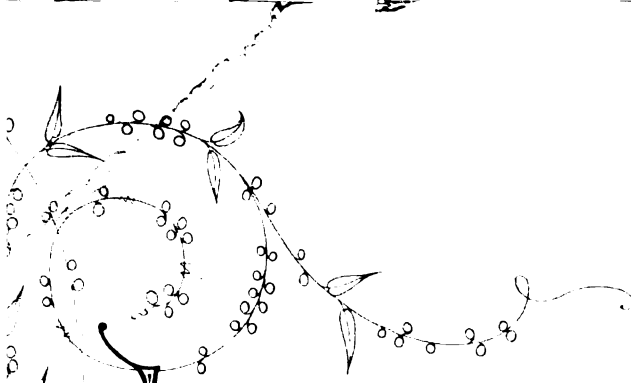





Here's a soft silent nature that meareth this suit—
the dim flushing tint of this exquisite fruit,
on which, tho' matur'd when the sun's hottest ray
fires the air, one rain drop leaves its spot of decay.

Al! when thou shalt see the rich blood hath forsook
some such beautiful cheek at a word or a look,
remember—nor hope the mute anguish to reach
remember the bloom and the bruise on the peach.

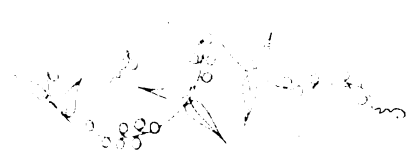
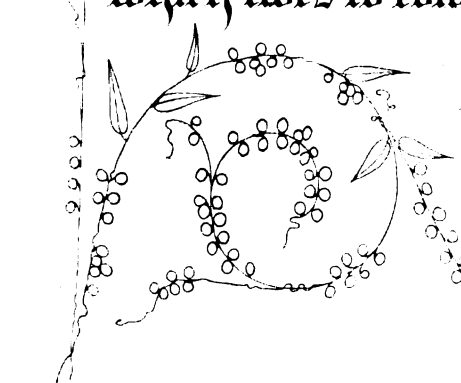


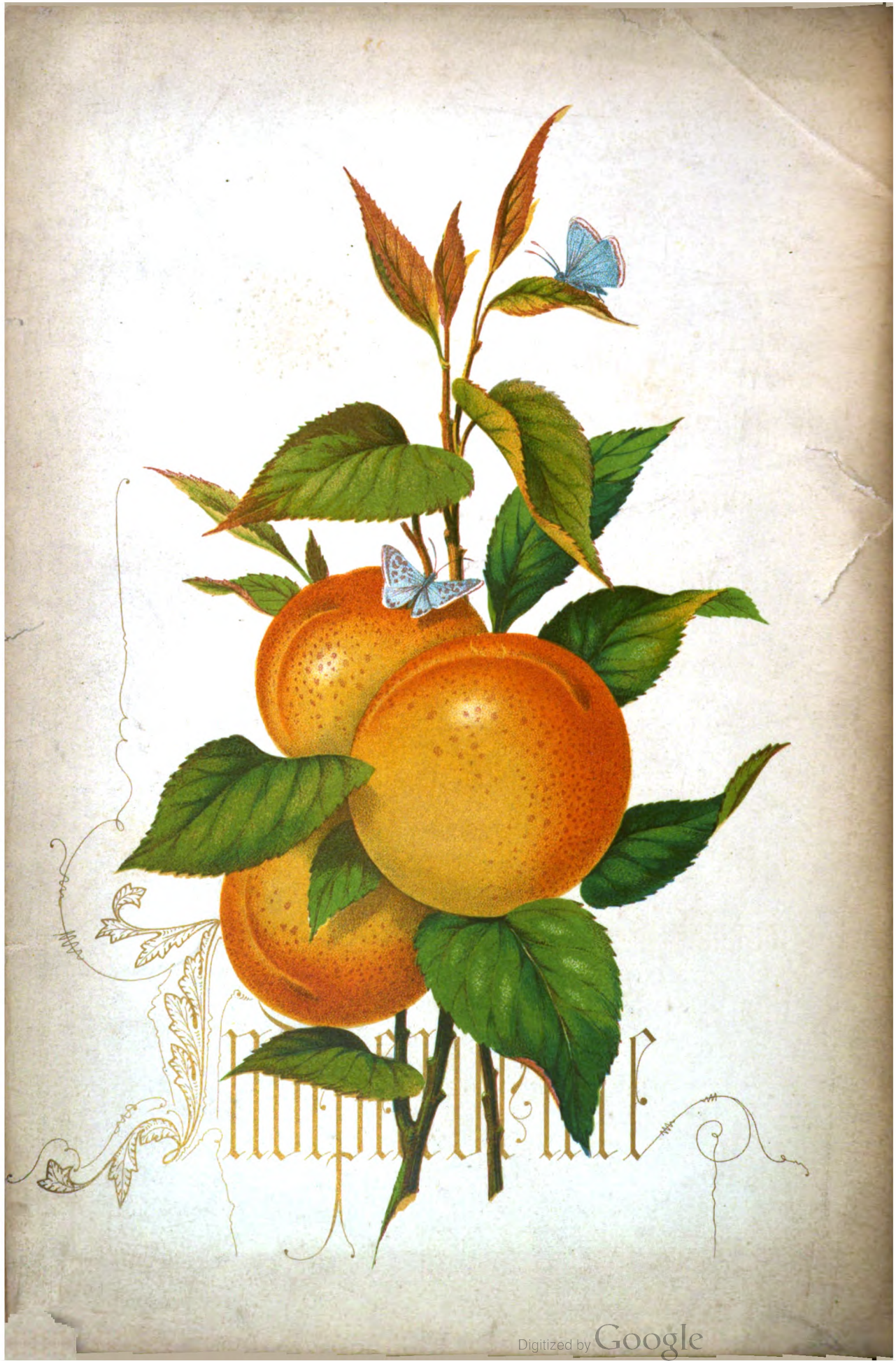


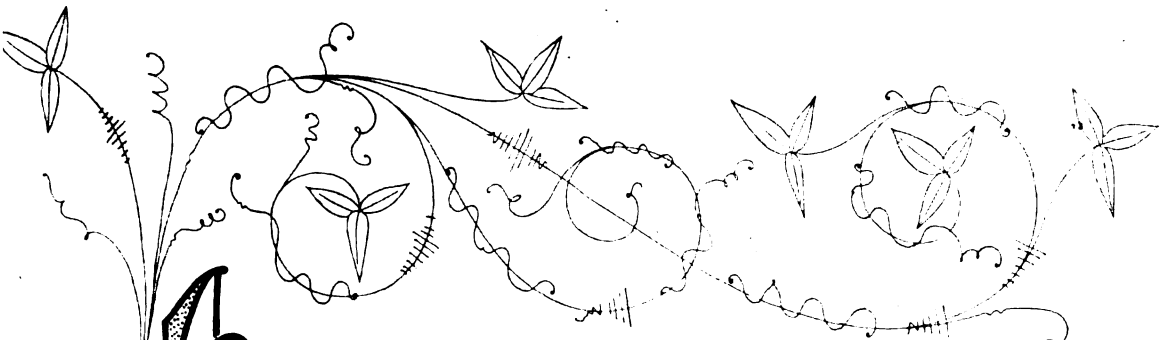
Red at thy birth, as is the rising sun,
red like the orb when thy rich day is done,
blessing the fiery lands he most doth shine upon,
abundance is thy name.




And with abundance cometh power — thou art
a type of that fine phrenzy of the heart
which lives to conquer all, die leaving but a part,
and dies in its own place.



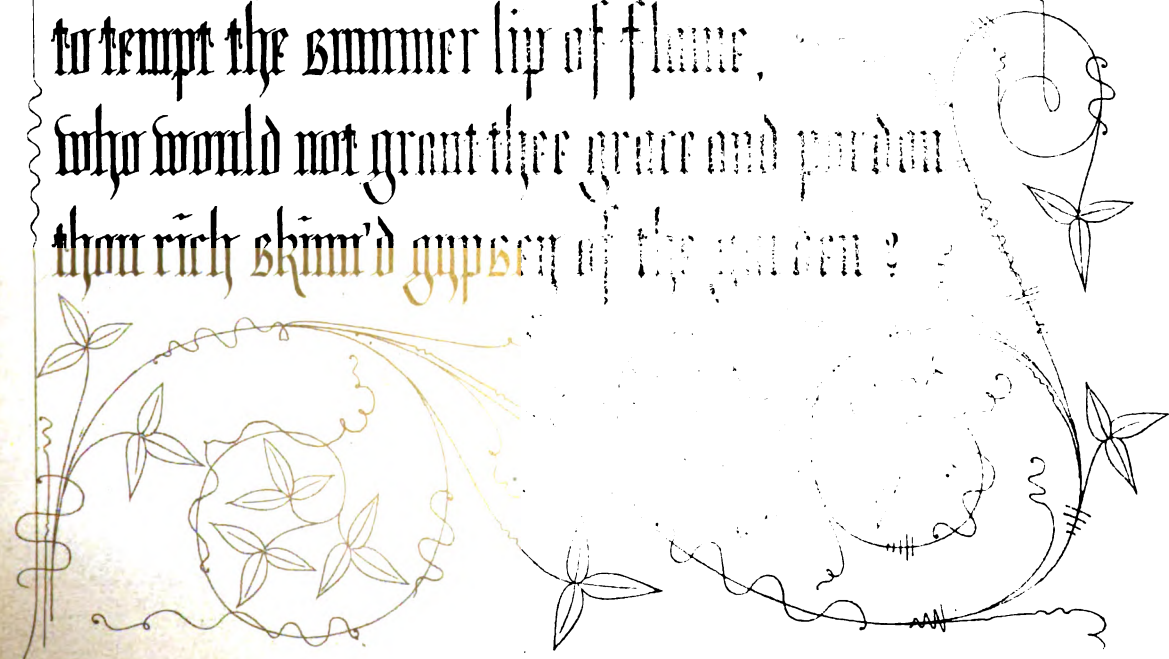




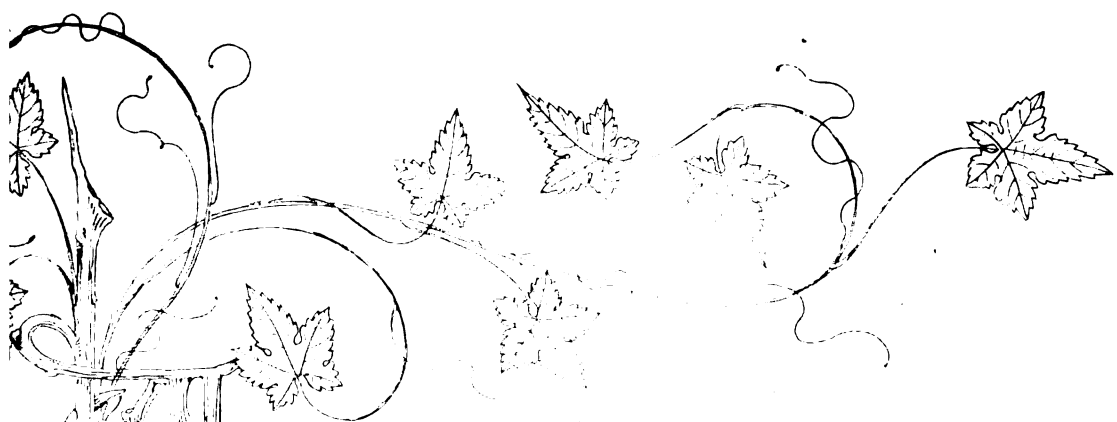
A fragrant child of nature thou,
with sun-fleck'd cheek and fervid brow;
beside the rich or poor man's dwelling
in equal free luxuriance swelling!



Though none can tell whence first thou came
to tempt the summer lip of flame,
who would not grant thee grace and pardon
thou rich skinn'd gypsen of the garden?







Why should they drag thee tarnish'd down to earth,
why should vice mar the uses of thy birth?
thou, in abundance clothing rock and river,
with harmony and sunshine link'd for ever!

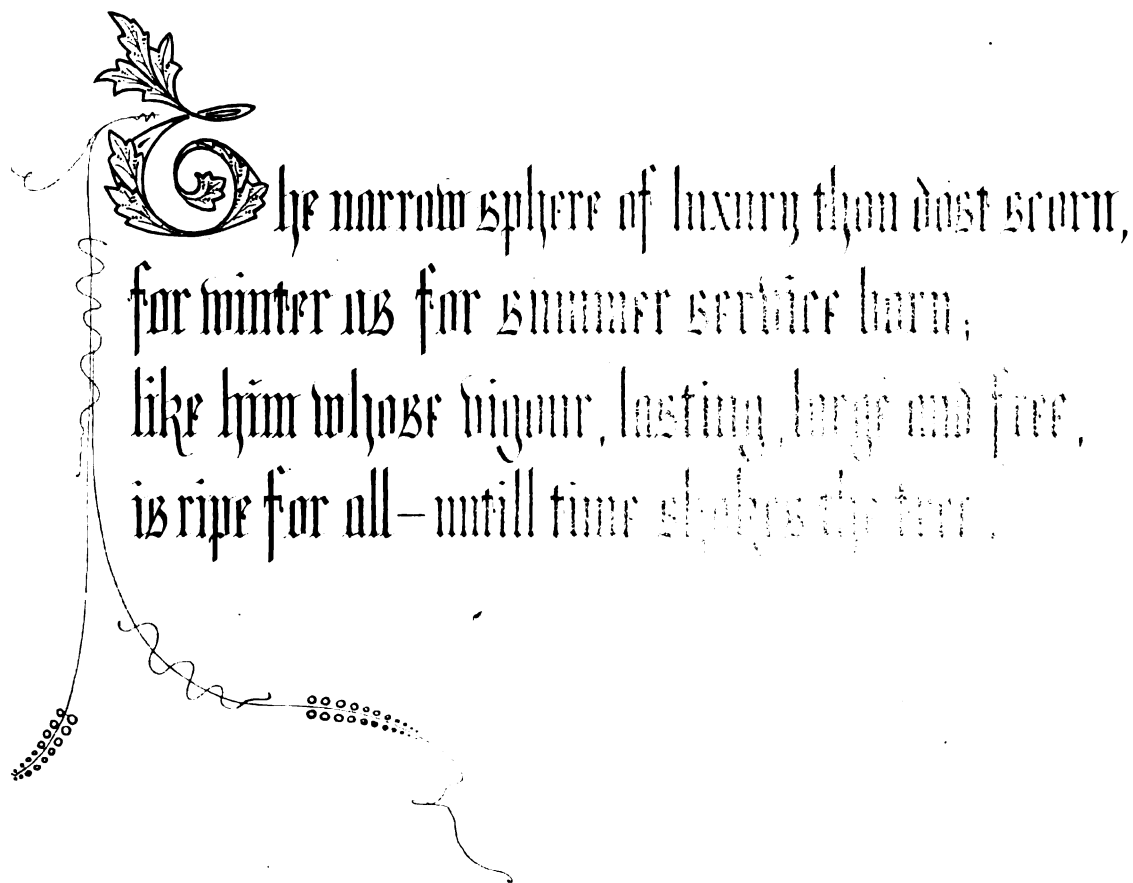
Spring up! type of that manhood of heart,
which, borrowing from the all-debtor's part,
feels quickly—freely gives—without reserve
in the reflection of its own pure life.





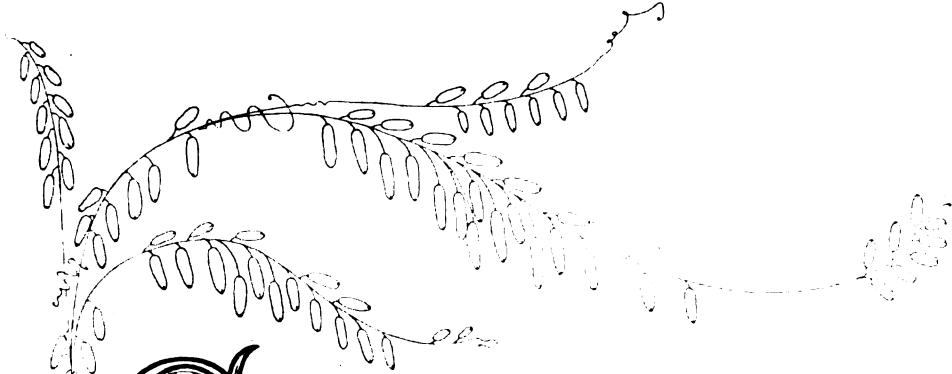


firm, fresh and flushing, yet thou bear'st with thee
some little tinge of wise severity,
a hue such as we mark upon the cheek
that hath brab'd life—yet keeps its healthy streak,

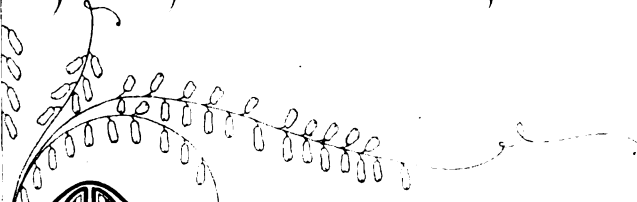


he narrow sphere of luxury thou dost scorn,
for winter as for summer service born,
like him whose vigour, lasting, large and free,
is ripe for all—untill time shakes the tree.






Great Nature! bounteous at the wildest, oft
when to my ear the evening wind doth waft
homing voices, seeking in the village croft
these their sole luxury;



Re-fermeth thou dost teach the sovereign good,
thus, in the fullness of thy constant mood,
among the very thorns to spread forth food
with modest husbandry







This England's garland, twined about her brows,
as jewels round the temples of her queen !
see ! where along her gladsome hills it glows,
or climbs mid clusters in her vallies green .

If she would boast the greatness of the land ,
her people's industry — her people's wealth —
here lie their sources up'd by God's own hand ,
here lie in nature's keeping strength and health .

